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T H E
L I F E
O F
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

With a True COPY of His
Last Will and Testament.

L O N D O N:
Printed for CHARLES CORBETT, at
Addison's Head, against St. Dunstnn's
Church, Fleetstreet. MDCCXLIV.

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PREFACE.

I Remember it to have been the hearty Wish of an old Orthodox Friend of mine, a great Church-goer, that some of our Modern Divines would retale from their Pulpits the Discourses of the late Tillotson, South, Barrow, or some

P R E F A C E.

*some other eminent Divine,
rather than take the Pains
to labour a Discourse of
their own.*

*I have in some Measure
taken the Advice of my
Friend, and have in this
Life of Mr. POPE cho-
sen rather to make Quota-
tions from the Author's own
Words where they would
serve my Purpose than give
my own.*

In

P R E F A C E.

*In short, the Reader will
here find an honest Account
of the Life of this Great
Poet, a Genuine Relation of
the Rise and Publication of
his most celebrated Works,
and true Quotations there-
from.*

*I shall not, as is customa-
ry with most Authors, raise
the Expectation of the Rea-
der by magnifying the Per-
formance*

P R E F A C E.

*formance but leave it to his
Censure or Approbation.*



T H E

THE
LIFE
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq;

WHEN a Man of such Consequence and distinguish'd Genius as the late ALEXANDER POPE, *Esq;* is gone, the World expects as a Right some Account of him, and even a trivial Act of such a Man is to them a Consequence: It were to be wish'd, that some one of his intimate Friends would oblige the expecting World, I own myself unequal to the Task: But in Regard to his Memory, and the many Obligations I have lain under to him, I shall endeavour with as much Perspicuity as possible, and with a strict Regard to Truth, to do him the Justice equal to his Deserts.

VARIOUS have been the Conjectures in Regard to the Place of his Nativity ; many Suggestions have been made thereof, and sufficient Cause of Mirth has it been to himself and Friends, which he humourously takes Notice of in the Preface to the *Dunciad*, as follows : “ We purposed, says “ he, to begin with his Life, Parentage and Education ; but as to these, even his Cotemporaries “ do exceedingly differ : *Jacob*, in his *Lives of the Poets*, says, he was educated at Home ; “ *Dennis*, in his *Reflections on his Essay on Criticism*, says, he was bred at *St. Omers* by Jesuits ; the Author of the *Dunciad Dissected* educates him at *Oxford* ; another says, that he had no University Education at all ; those who allow him to be bred at Home differ as much concerning his Tutor : One faith, he was kept by his Father on Purpose ; a second, that he was an Itinerant Priest ; a third, that he was a Parson. One calleth him a secular Clergyman of the Church of *Rome* ; another, a Monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one supposeth, like the Father of *Hesiod*, a Tradesman, or Merchant ; another, an Husbandman ; another, a Hatter : Nor has an Author been wanting to give our Poet such a Father as *Apuleius* hath to *Plato*, *Jamblichus* to *Pythagoras*, and divers to *Homer* ; namely, a Dæmon. For thus Mr. *Gildon*, “ Certain it is, that his Original is not from *Adam*, but the “ Devil,

“ Devil, and that he wanteth nothing but Horns
“ and Tail to be the exact Resemblance of his In-
“ fernal Father.” Finding therefore such Con-
“ triety of Opinions, and not being fond to en-
“ ter into Controversy, we shall defer writing the
“ Life of our Poet, till Authors can determine a-
“ mong themselves what Parents or Education he
“ had, or whether he had any Education or Parents
“ at all.” Thus far his Account in the *Dunciad*.

WE shall now proceed to give some Account
of his Birth, Life, Works, &c.

HIS Father was of a Gentleman’s Family in *Oxfordshire*, the Head of which was the Earl of *Downe*, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of *Lindsey*, his Mother was the Daughter of *William Turner*, Esq; of *York*; she had three Brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the Service of King *Charles*; the Eldest following his Fortunes, and becoming a General Officer in *Spain*, left her what Estate remain’d, after the Sequestrations and Forfeitures of the Family.

HIS Parents lived to a good old Age. His Father died in the Year 1717, aged 75, and his Mother in the Year 1733, aged 93. The following Inscription was plac’d by him on their Monument, in the Parish of *Twickenham*, in the County of *Middlesex*.

*The LIFE of***D. O. M.**

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO, PIO,
 QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB. MDCCXVII.
 ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI
 PIENTISSIMÆ, QUÆ VIXIT ANNOS
 XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIV.
 PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT,
 ET SIBI.

Englified thus :

To God the Great Creator, and best of Beings,
 To *Alexander Pope*, a Gentleman of Honesty,
 Probity and Piety, who liv'd
 LXXV Years, died M.DCC.XVII.

And to *Editha*, his excellent and truly pious Wife,
 who liv'd XCIII Years, died M.DCC.XXIII.

To His Well-deserving Parents, the Son
 erected this, and to himself.

AND the following Character, he gives of them
 in his Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot* :

Of

Of gentle Blood (Part shed in Honour's Cause,
While yet in *Britain*, Honour had Applause)
Each Parent sprang— “ What Fortune, pray ?—
Their own,
And better got than *Beftia's* from the Throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a Noble Wife,
Stranger to civil and religious Rage,
The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age :
No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye :
Unlearn'd, he knew no Schoolman's subtle Art,
No Language, but the Language of the Heart :
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by Temp'rance, and by Exercise ;
His Life, tho' long, to Sicknes past unknown,
His Death was instant, and without a Groan.

OUR Poet was what we generally call a Cockney, for he receiv'd his Breath within the Sound of *Bow Bell*, being born near *Cheapside*, June 8. 1688, in a little House, to which his Father and Mother had retir'd, with the Remains of their quester'd Fortunes. As they were of the *Roman Catholick* Perswasion, their Estate, on Account

count of Double Taxes, and other Penalties laid on the People of their Perswasion in King *William's* Reign was pretty much curtail'd. Young *Alexander* was not sent to any Publick School, but received a suitable Education at Home from proper Tutors, which his Father provided for him, and he quickly began to show, that his Tutor's Labours were not in vain, for he made so great a Progres in his Studies as soon to become a perfect Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues: He very early made himself familiar with the *Classicks*, and knew *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Terence*, &c. as familiarly as tho' he had existed at the same Time with them, and had been their Intimate; the Muses too, he soon scrap'd Acquaintance with; for before he was Twelve Years of Age, he wrote the following Ode.

Happy the Man, whose Wish and Care,
A few paternal Acres bound,
Content to breathe his native Air,
In his own Ground.

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire,
Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter Fire.

Blest,

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days, and Years ſlide soft away,
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day.

Sound Sleep by Night; Study and Eafe,
Together mix'd; ſweet Recreation,
And Innocence which moft does please,
With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lie.

THUS early did he begin to court the Favour
of the Nine, and ſo well were they pleas'd with
his Addresses that each of them ſtrove who moft
ſhould be his Favourite.

NOR was he negle&ful in the Choice of his
Friends and Acquaintance, ſelecting from the ma-
ny ſuch choſen ones as beſt could fuit his Taſte.
Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the *Dispensary*, was
one of the moft early of his Acquaintance. His
Friendſhip with him began at Fourteen or Fif-
teen,

teen, and continued to the Year 1718, which was that of his Death.

MR. *Pope*, in one of his Letters, mentions his Death with a good deal of Concern: " —After these the best natur'd of Men Sir *Samuel Garth* has left me in the truest Concern for his Loss. His Death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a Philosopher famous. But ill Tongues and worse Hearts have branded even his last Moments as wrongfully as they did his Life with Irreligion. You must have heard many Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth.*"

So vast a Fund, so great a Stock of Wit, Learning and good Sense had our Poet that every one were fond to be in the Number of his Acquaintance. Among the *Noblesse* of his Friends, were his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*, Earl of *Burlington*, Lord *Bathurst*, Lord *Somers*, Lord *Bolinbroke*, Earl of *Peterborough*, Earl of *Oxford*, Earl of *Hallifax*, Lord *Lansdown*, Dr. *Atterbury*, late Bishop of *Rochester*, and many others.

He was intimate likewise with all the Poets of his Time, who made any Figure in the World; Mr. *Wycherley* (with whom his Acquaintance began when he was Sixteen, though *Wycherly* was Seventy)

Seventy) Mr. *Congreve*, Dean *Swift*, *Addison*, *Steele*, *Gay*, *Fenton*, *Walsh*, *Parnell*, all paid a Deference to his Judgment and Merit. In short, as he tells ye himself, “ he has liv’d with the “ Great without Flattery, been a Friend to Men “ in Power without Pensions, from whom as he “ ask’d, so he receiv’d no Favour, but what was “ done him and his Friends.”

IN his Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, he makes the following Invocation :

—Oh! let me live my own, and die so too !
(“ To live and die is all I have to do :)
Maintain a Poet’s Dignity and Ease,
And see what Friends and read what Books I please;
Above a Patron, tho’ I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my Friend.
I was not born for Courts or great Affairs ;
I pay my Debts, believe, and say my Pray’rs ;
Can sleep without a Poem in my Head,
Nor know if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

HIS Genius for Poetry shone forth in a most early Part of his Life, before Twelve he wrote the Ode above quoted ; and at Fourteen, he published a Translation of the First Book of *STATIUS*

his *Thebais*, in which he has the following Lines :

—Now wretched *Oedipus*, depriv'd of Sight,
Led a long Death in Everlasting Night ;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful Ray
Can pierce the Darkness, and abhors the Day ;
The clear, reflecting Mind, presents his Sin
In frightful Views, and makes it Day within ;
Returning Thoughts in endless Circles roll,
And Thousand Furies haunt his guilty Soul.

THE same Year he wrote some Verses on *Silence*, in Imitation of Lord *Rochester's* Poem on *Nothing*.

AT the Age of Sixteen he wrote his *Pastorals*, tho' they were not printed till he was Twenty-one ; from the Time they were wrote, to the Time of their Publication, they pass'd through the Hands of Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, *Granville*, afterwards Lord *Lansdowne*, Sir *William Trumball*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Hallifax*, and several others : Every one of whom esteem'd them as Master Pieces of their Kind, and from that Period began his Fame to encrease : He was himself so fond of them, that notwithstanding their

their early Production, he esteem'd them as the most correct in the Versification, and musical in the Numbers, of all his Works. He took a good deal of Pains with them, and his Reason for labouring them into so much Softness was, that this Sort of Poetry, derives almost its whole Beauty from a natural Ease of Thought, and Smoothness of Verse: Whereas, that of most other Kinds, consists in the Strength and Fulness of both. In a Letter of his to Mr. *Walsh* about them, he particularly enumerates the several Niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observ'd in any *English* Poem, except in these *Pastorals*. There are four of them, and they allude to the Four Seasons of the Year: First, *Spring*, address'd to the Author's particular Friend, Sir *William Trumball*, who was born in *Windsor* Forest, to which he retreated after he had resign'd the Post of Secretary of State to King *William III*. It begins this:

—First in these Fields I try the Sylvan Strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windsor's* blissful Plains :
Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy sacred Spring,
While on thy Banks *Sicilian* Muses sing ;
Let venal Airs thro' trembling Osiers play,
And *Albion's* Cliff resound the rural Lay.

Second, *Summer*, address'd to Dr. *Garth*, the Scene of which is by the River's Side; suitable to the Heat of the Season, the Time Noon. It begins thus :

—A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better Name)
 Led forth his Flocks along the Silver *Thame*,
 Where dancing Sun Beams on the Waters play'd,
 And verdant Alders form'd a quivering Shade.
 There while he mourn'd, the Streams forgot to flow,
 The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry wat'ry Bow'r,
 And *Jove* consented in a silent Show'r.

Third, *Autumn*, address'd to Mr. *Wycherley*, the Scene of which is a Hill, the Time at Sun-set. Thus says the Author :

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along !
 The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song,
 The Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to move,
 And Streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling Fountains to the thirsty Swain,
 Not balmy Sleep to Lab'lers faint with Pain,
 Not Show'rs to Larks, or Sunshine to the Bee,
 Are half so charming, as thy Sight to me.

How

How charmingly poetical are these Lines ! How smooth they run ! No Wonder then their Author's Fame encreas'd while yet so young : But to proceed.

THE Fourth and Last *Pastoral*, is to the Memory of Mrs. *Tempeſt*, a Lady who was particularly admir'd by the Author's Friend Mr. *Walſb*, who having celebrated her in a *Pastoral Elegy*, desired Mr. *Pope* to do the same, her Death happening on the Night of the great Storm in 1702, gave a Propriety to this *Eclogue*, which in its general Turn alludes to it : The Scene of this *Pastoral* lies in a Grove, the Time Midnight. It opens thus :

Thyris, the Music of that murmuring Spring,
Is not so mournful as the Strains you sing,
Nor Rivers winding thro' the Vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping Flocks on their soft Fleeces lie,
The Moon, serene in Glory, mounts the Sky,
While silent Birds forget their tuneful Lays,
Oh sing of *Daphne*'s Fate, and *Daphne*'s Praise !

IT will take up too much Room in this little Pamphlet, to enumerate each Piece, and to point out

out the Beauties thereof, I shall therefore content myself with mentioning such only as immediately occur to my Thoughts, and from whence I can quote any particular Lines, which may revive in the Mind of the Reader the Merits of this just Poet, whose Memory, will in his Works, survive to after Ages, when the small Tenement which contained his great Soul, will have been knew'd by greedy Worms, and moulder'd into Dust.

HIS *Windsor Forest*, a Poem address'd to Lord *Landsdown*, was wrote at two different Times, the First Part of it, which consists of rural Description, the Sports and Exercises of a Country Life, Hunting, Fishing, &c. in the Year 1704, the Author then but sixteen Years of Age; the latter Part was not added till the Year 1710, in which it was published; how natural is the following Description!

With slaught'ring Guns th' unwearied Fowler moves,
When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves.
Where Doves in Flocks the leafless Trees o'ershade,
And lonely Woodcocks haunt the wat'ry Glade.
He lifts the Tube, and levels with his Eye;
Strait a short Thunder breaks the frozen Sky:

Oft,

Oft', as in airy Rings they skim the Heath,
The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden death :
Oft', as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,
They fall and leave their *little Lives* in Air.

His *Essay on Criticism*, written in the Year 1709, is a much admired Piece ; as a Taste only take the following Lines.

—'Tis with our Judgments as our Watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom in the Criticks Share ;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their Light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial, to their Wit, 'tis true,
But are not Criticks to their Judgment too ?

THE Rape of the Lock, dedicated to Miss *Arabella Fremor*, was written in less than a Fortnight's time, in 1711, in five Canto's, on purpose to expose the unguarded Follies of the Fair-Sex, it was
first

first printed in a Miscellany, without the Author's Name: The Machines which are raised on the Foundation of the Rosicrucian Doctrine of Spirits ; according to which the four Elements are supposed to be inhabited, by Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs and Salamanders, were not inserted till a Year after, when Mr. *Pope* published it, and annex'd the Dedication, it concludes thus.

—Then cease bright Nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which add, new Glory to the shining Sphere !
Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast,
Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the Murders of ycur Eye,
When, after Millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair Suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust ;
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the Stars inscribe *Belinda's* Name.

'Tis a very pretty Poem, wrote with a good deal of Fire ; tho' I have heard the Author blam'd for making the Fair-One, in bemoaning the Loss of her Hair, speak the following Lines,

Oh !

Oh ! hadst thou Cruel, been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these.

Notwithstanding the Fault found by some of the Fair-Sex with these Lines, as being a little too ludicrous, a Gentleman, in answer to their Objection, made the following Couplet.

Who censure most, more precious Hairs would
lose,
To have the Rape recorded by *his* Muse.

His Verfification of Dr. *Donne*'s Satires, which he did at the Desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, who had been Secretary of State, are much esteemed.

THE Paffion of Love was never more finely touch'd, or more livelier described, than in his Poem of *Eloisa to Abelard*.

How oft', when preft to Marriage, have I faid,
Curfe on all Laws but thofe which Love has made ?
Love, free as Air, at ficht of human Ties,
Spreads his light Wings, and in a Moment flies.

D

Let

Let Wealth, let Honour, wait the wedded Dame,
August her Deed, and sacred be her Fame.

—Should at my Feet the World's great Master
fall,

Himself, his Throne, his World, I'd scorn 'em all :
Not *Cæsar's* Empress wou'd I deign to prove ;
No, make me Mistress to the Man I love :
If there be yet another Name, more free,
More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee !

His Translation of the *Illiad* which he begun in
the Year 1713 and finished in 1719 is a most admir-
able Performance, the Fire of which cannot be
express'd but in his own Words.

Now Shield with Shield, with Helmet Helmet
clos'd,
To Armour Armour, Lance to Lance oppos'd :
Host against Host with shadowy Squadrons drew ;
The sounding Darts in Iron Tempests flew :
Victors and Vanquish'd join promiscuous Cries,
And shrilling Shouts and dying Groans arise :
With streaming Blood the flipp'ry Fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd Heroes swell the dreadful Tide.

As Torrents roll increas'd by num'rous Rills,
With Rage impetuous down their echoing Hills ;
Rush'd to the Vales, and pour'd along the Plain,
Roar thro' a thousand Channels to the Main ;
The distant Shepherd trembling hears the Sound,
So mix both Hosts, and so their Cries rebound.

The Horse and Foot in mingled Deaths unite,
And Groans of Slaughter mix with Shouts of Fight,
Hurl'd from their Cars, the bravest Chiefs are kill'd,
And Rage and Death and Carnage load the Field.

This Work is said to have lain a Foundation for his future Fortune, such a Number of the Nobility and Gentry became Subscribers thereto.

SOMETIMES after the Publication of *The Illiad*, he set about *The Odyssée* of Homer, in the Translation of which he did equal Justice to his Author as he had done in his *Illiad*, and was equally a Gainer.

SOON after the Publication of his Translation of *Homer*, he received many Compliments thereon, from Persons of Merit as well as Distinction. Hear the Great *Sheffield*, Duke of *Buckingham* :

But to this Genius join'd with so much Art,
 Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry Part,
 Poets are bound a loud Applause to pay ;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

AND yet so wonderful, sublime a Thing,
 As the great *ILLIAD*, scarce could make me sing ;
 Except I justly could at once commend
 A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.
 One Moral, or a mere well-natur'd Deed,
 Can all Defect in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great Delight to laugh at some Mens Ways,
 But a much greater to give Merit praise.

Mr. Fenton's Imitation of a *Greek* Epigram on
Homer, inscribed to Mr. Pope, is so remarkable a
 Compliment paid to his Genius, that I cannot help
 transcribing it.

When *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious Maids,
 Of old assembled in the *Theſpian* Shades ;
 What Theme they cry'd, what high immortal Air,
 Befit these Harps and Sounds, and thee to hear !
 Reply'd the God ; " Your loftiest Notes employ,
 " To sing young *Peleus*, and the Fall of *Troy*.

" The

“ The wond’rous Song with Rapture they rehearse;
“ Then ask who wrought that Miracle of Verse ?”
He answer’d with a frown ; “ I now reveal
“ A Truth, that Envy bids me not conceal ;
“ Retiring frequent to this Laureat Vale,
“ I warble to the Lyre that fav’rite Tale,
“ Which, unobserv’d, a wand’ring Greek and blind,
“ Heard me repeat, and treasur’d in his Mind ;
“ And fir’d with Thirst of more than mortal Praise,
“ From me, the God of Wit, usurp’d the Bays.

But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing Fame,
Proud with celestial Spoils to grace her Name ;
Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,
And the *White Isle* with female Pow’r is blest ;
Fame, I forsee, will make Reprisals there,
And the Translator’s Palm to me transfer.
With less Regret my Claim I now decline,
The World will think his *English Illiad* mine.

NOTWITHSTANDING these great Characters given of him, and Compliments paid to his Works, there were not wanting Authors who as roundly asserted on the other Side of the Question, with how much Truth and Propriety, the Reader is left to judge.

THE

" THE *Homer* which *Lintot* prints, does not
 " talk like *Homer*, but like *Pope*; and he who
 " translated him one would swear had a Hill in
 " *Tipperary* for his *Parnassus*, and a Puddle in
 " some Bog for his *Hippocrene*. He has no Ad-
 " mirers amongst those who can distinguish, dis-
 " cern and judge. He hath a Knack at smooth
 " Verse, but without either Genius, or Good
 " Sense, or any tolerable Knowledge of *English*.
 " The Qualities which distinguish *Homer* are the
 " Beauties of his *Di^ction*, and the Harmony of
 " his *Versification*. But this little Author, who
 " is so much in *Vogue*, has neither Sense in his
 " Thoughts, nor *English* in his Expressions." All
 this says *Dennis*.

HE hath undertaken to translate *Homer* from
 the *Greek*, of which he knows not one Word,
 into *English*, of which he understands as little,
 —says another.

I wonder how this Gentleman would look,
 should it be discover'd, that he has not translated
 Ten Verses together in any Book of *Homer* with
 Justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his
 Fellow-writers with not understanding *Greek*,—says
 a second.

HE has stuck so little to his Original as to have
 his

his Knowledge in *Greek* call'd in Question, says a third.

I should be glad to know, which it is of all *Homer's* Excellencies which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies, —says *Oldmixon*.

BUT he has a notable Talent at Burlesque; his Genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqu'd *Homer* without designing it.—*John Dennis* again.

THESE Scurrilities were little regarded by our Poet, he went on with his Work, and by it shew'd that he had Learning, Sense, Wit, and a Genius far beyond the Reach of their Envy.

THEY endeavour'd at aspersing his Character, his Morals; nay, his Honesty, at almost any Rate:

“ 'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, says one of them, for a single Man to undertake such a Work: But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the Madness of the Project. The Subscribers have been rais'd in Proportion to what their Pockets have been drain'd of.”

POPE has been concern'd in Jobs, and hired

red out his Name to Booksellers, says another. They attack'd his Make, his Shape, calling him an Ape, an Afs, a Frog, &c.

NEVERTHELESS the Reputation of our Poet still increas'd by his inimitable Performances, which made him the Envy of the whole Herd of Scribblers, many of whom had a Fling at him, either publickly or privately which he heard or read with much Patience unanswer'd, tho' still remember'd, and at length recorded in that admirable Performance the *Dunciad*. He bore with Calmness, the many Scurrilities and Falshoods concerning him above Ten Years before he wrote that Poem. It was wrote in the Year 1726, an imperfect Edition of it was publish'd at *Dublin*, and reprinted in *London* in the Year 1727 in Duodecimo; another at *Dublin*, and another at *London* in Octavo; and three others in Duodecimo, the same Year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of *London* in Quarto, in the Year 1728-9. To which was added, Notes Variorum. 'Tis remarkable, that the Publication of the Poem was actually owing to Dean *Swift*; for at a Time when many mercenary Booksellers publish'd Poems, &c. done by anonymous Authors, and endeavour'd to send them into the World as done by *Pope* or *Swift*, knowing, that the Sanction of their Names only, would secure them a Sale of a Quantity: On this Account, and by Reason of some juvenile Performances of theirs creeping into

to

to the World without their Knowledge, or Consent, they determin'd to own all their Pieces, even the most trifling ones they had ever publish'd, or had any Hand in, and to destroy all that remain'd in their Power. Among the many Papers they examin'd, the first Sketch of the *Dunciad* was found among the rest, which Mr. *Pope* threw in the Fire, but Dean *Swift* snatch'd it from thence, and perswaded his Friend *Pope* to proceed in it. Accordingly, tho' with some Reluctance, he promis'd he would; and how well he has perform'd that Promise, witness ye Tribe of Dunces recorded by his masterly Pen! Take to yourselves the Honour he has done ye; for, as he says himself, 'tis only in this Monument you must expect to survive; and here survive you will, as long as the *English* Tongue shall remain, such as it was in the Reigns of Queen *Anne* and King *George* the First, he thought it Humanity to bestow a Word or two upon each of ye, just to tell what ye was, what ye writ, when ye liv'd, and when ye died, if sometimes he added a Word or two more upon a chief Offender, 'twas only as a Paper pinned upon his Breast to mark the Enormities for which he suffer'd, left the Correction only should be remember'd, and the Crime forgotten.

MARTINUS Scriblerus, in his Account of this Poem tells ye, that the Cause which mov'd our Poet to this particular Work, was that he

liv'd in those Days, when (after Providence had permitted the Invention of Printing as a Scourge for the Sins of the Learned) Paper also became so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a Deluge of Authors cover'd the Land : Whereby the Peace of the honest unwriting Subject was daily molested, but unmerciful Demands were made of his Applause, yea of his Money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same Time, the Licence of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either ; for they would forthwith publish Slanders unpunished, the Authors being anonymous, and skulking under the Wings of Publishers, a Set of Men and Women who never scrupled to vend either Calumny or Blasphemy, so long as the Town would call for it.

ON these Considerations did our Author conceive it an Endeavour well worthy an honest Satyrift to dissuade the dull and punish the Wicked; *The only Way that was left*, in that publick-spirited View he laid the Plan of this Poem. Considers the Causes creative of such Authors he finds it to be Dulness and Poverty, the one born with them, the other contracted by Neglect of their proper Talents, through Self-conceit of greater Abilities, fixes on a Hero for his Poem, whom he calls *Tibbald*, and begins the First Book :

Books and the Man I sing, the first that brings
The *Smithfield* Muses to the Ears of Kings.
Say great Patricians ! (since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous Works, so *Jove* and Fate re-
quire)
Say from what Cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first.

Then describes his Hero pensive in his Study, giving up the Cause, makes him raise an Altar of Books, set them on Fire, and extinguish that Fire by casting on it the Poem of *Thule*, in the Course of the Book, brings in many Authors, and celebrates them for Dunces.

IN the Second Book, the Author proposes Games for the Booksellers, and first sets up the Phantom of a Poet for them to run a Race for, which Race he humourously describes :

Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear
Stood dauntless *Curl*, “ Behold that Rival here !
“ The Race by Vigour, not by Vaunts is won ;
“ So take the hindmost Hell—he said, and run.

Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
 He left huge *Lintot*, and outstrip'd the Wind.
 As when a Dab-chick waddles thro' the Copse,
 On Feet and Wings, he flies, and wades, and
 hops;

So lab'ring on with Shoulders, Hands, and Head,
 Wide as a Windmill all his Figure spread,
 With Legs expanded *Bernard* urg'd the Race,
 And seem'd to emulate great *Jacob*'s Pace.

Next he introduces the Game for a Poetess. He then proceeds to exercise the Poets themselves in tickling, vociferating, and diving, then proposes their hearing the Works of two voluminous Authors read, which puts them all to sleep, and the Book concludes.

IN the Third Book, he introduces his Hero asleep in the Goddess of *Dulness*'s Lap ; records some more stupid Authors and Booksellers, and concludes his Poem :

Enough ! enough ! the raptur'd Monarch cries ;
 And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.

SINCE the Publication of the above Poem, the Author, through the many Abuses he receiv'd from

from *Colley Cibber*, Esq; Poet Laurert, has reprinted it, wholly expung'd the Name of *Tibbald*, and in its Room has fix'd the Name of *Cibber*.

To this Edition are added some Notes of Mr. *Warburton*'s, who by Mr. *Pope*'s Will has the Property of all the Author's Works (not otherwise disposed of) to which he has or may write Notes or Comments on.

MR. *POPE* thought it necessary, after some little length of Time, to publish a fourth Book of the *Dunciad*, which he says may properly be distinguished from the former by the Name of the **GREATER DUNCIAD**, not in Size but in Subject; he begins thus.

Yet, yet a Moment, one dim Ray of Light,
Indulge dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of Darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep intent.
Ye Pow'rs whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on the rapid Wing,
Suspend awhile your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

He proceeds to shew the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy *Order* and *Science*, and to substitute

stitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon Earth ; relates how she leads captive the Sciences and silenceth the Muses ; and what they be who succeed in their stead ; and concludes the Poem thus.

Nor *public* Flame, nor *private* dares to shine ;
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor *Glimpse divine* !
Lo ! thy dread Empire **CHAOS** is restor'd ;
Light dies before thy uncreating Word :
Thy Hand great Anarch ! let's the Curtain fall ;
And universal Darkness buries all.

His Works are in such Esteem, not only at home but abroad too, that many of them have been translated into other Languages ; some of 'em have had for their Translators Persons of the most eminent Rank and Abilities, in their respective Nations ; as his *Essay on Criticism*, in *French Verse*, by General *Hamilton* ; the same in Verse also, by Monsieur *Roboton*, Councillor and Privy-Secretary to King *George I.* after, by the Abbe *Reynel*, in Verse, with Notes ; *Rape of the Lock*, in *French*, by the Princess of *Conti*, *Paris*, 1728, and in *Italian Verse*, by the Abbe *Conti*, a noble *Venetian* ; and by the Marquis *Raugoni*, Envoy Extraordinary from *Modena* to King *George II.* others of his Works, by *Salvini* of *Florence*, &c. his *Essays and Dissertations on Homer*, several Times translated into

to French ; *Essay on Man*, by the Abbe Reynel, in Verse, by Monsieur Silhouet, in Prose 1737, and since by others, in French, Italian and Latin.

BESIDES the Books I have already mentioned, our Author has wrote several Odes, Fables, Epitaphs: Prologues, and Epilogues, all Master-pieces in their Kind. The Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of *Cato* is look'd upon to be the best that ever was wrote ; it begins,

To wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart ;
To make Mankind, in conscious Virtue bold,
Live oe'er each Scene, and be what they behold.

And again,

While *Cato* gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause ?

His Satires, which are most of them Imitations from *Horace*, are lasting Monuments of some Peoples Follies, Wickednesses and Fooleries as they are of some others Praise. The Occasion of his publishing those Imitations was, the Clamour raised against some of his Epistles ; he look'd upon an Answer from *Horace* to be more full, and of more Dignity,

Dignity, than any he could have made in his own Person ; and the Example of so much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, seem'd to him a Proof, with what Indignation and Contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly in ever so low or ever so high a Station. The following Declaration appears bold and dauntless.

What ? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the Pen,
Brand the bold Front of shameless, guilty Men,
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car,
Bare the mean Heart that lurks behind a *Star* ;
Can there be wanting, to defend her Cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws ?
Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest Strain
Flatt'lers and Bigots e'en in *Louis'* reign ?
Could Laureat *Dryden*, Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a Rage ?
And I not strip the Gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no Man's Heir, or Slave ?
I will or perish in the gen'rous Cause,
Hear this, and tremble ! you who 'scape the Laws.
Yes while I live, no rich or noble Knave
Shall walk in Peace and Credit to his Grave.

His Attack upon the Character of the late Mr. Addison after his Decease, in his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, under the Character of *Atticus*, occasion'd by some little Dispute, in Regard to the First Book of *Homer*, suppos'd to be wrote by Mr. Addison, publish'd by Mr. Tickell, has been by some of his Friends thought a little too severe. It is as follows:

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose
Fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with Ease:
Shou'd such a Man, too fond to rule alone
Bear, like a *Turk*, no Brother near the Throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous Eyes,
And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
Damn with faint Praise, Assent with civil Leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike ;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend ;

F

Dreading

Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd,
Like *Cato*, gave his little Senate Laws,
And fit attentive to his own Applause ;
While Wits and Templers ev'ry Sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a Man there be !
Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he !

No Performance of any Author's surely ever was so well receiv'd, or met with so universal an Applause as the *Essay of Man* ; the Plan of which is in some Measure borrow'd from Lord *Shaftesbury*, but nobly executed. It makes Four Epistles, which were publish'd singly without the Author's Name. The First Epistle had hardly been published three Days before the whole Town rang in its Praise, and tho' some few were out in their Guesses at the Author, yet the distinguishable Part of Mankind gave it to *Pope*, such masterly Strokes flowing from no Pen like his.

HAVING proposed, says he, to write some Pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as *come home to Mens Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the Abstract, his *Nature and State* : Since to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection

tion of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *Condition* and *Relation* it is plac'd in, and what is the proper *End* and *Purpose* of its *Being*.

His First Epistle considers *Man* in his *Nature* and *State* with Respect to the *Universe*. And from it, I shall only select these few Lines, for were I to attempt to shew all its Beauties, I must absolutely have taken the whole Poem.

What would this *Man* ? Now upward will he
soar,

And little less than *Angel*, would be more ;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of *Bulls*, the Fur of *Bears*,
Made for his Use all *Creatures* if he call,
Say what their Use, had he the Pow'rs of all ?

Why has not *Man* a Microscopic Eye ?
For this plain Reason, *Man* is not a Fly.

His Second Epistle treats of the *Nature* and *State* of *Man*, with respect to *Himself*, as an Individual. It opens with the following admirable Lines :

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper Study of Mankind is *Man*.
Plac'd on this Isthmus of a Middle State,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much Knowledge for the Sceptic Side,
With too much Weakness for the Stoic's Pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God or Beast ;
In doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
Alike in Ignorance, his Reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much :
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd ;
Created Half to rise, and Half to fall ;
Great Lord of all Things, yet a Prey to all ;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd ;
The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the World !

THE Third Epistle treats of the *Nature* and
State of Man, with respect to *Society* ; and begins
thus :

Here

Here then we rest; “ The Universal Cause
“ Acts to one End, but acts by various Laws.”
In all the Madness of superfluous Health,
The Trim of Pride, the Impudence of Wealth,
Let this great Truth be present Night and Day;
But most be present, if we preach, or pray.

His Fourth and last Epistle is, of the *Nature* and *State of Man*, with respect to *Happiness*; which the Author concludes, speaking to Lord *Bolingbroke*, to whom the Four Epistles are address'd, thus:

When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in Dust repose,
Whose Sons shall blush their Fathers were thy Foes,
Shall then this Verse to future Age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
That urg'd by Thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's false Mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, whatever *Is*, is *RIGHT*;
That **REASON, PASSION, answer ONE great AIM**:
That true **SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL** are the **SAME**:
That

That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below ;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

THIS excellent Poem has been translated into almost every known Language. 'Twas from a Translation into *French*, in which perhaps the Translator, for want of understanding the Language, might not do Justice to our Author, that Mr. *de Crousaz*, wrote Remarks on it, which occasioned Mr. *Warburton* to take up his Pen in its Vindication from the Misrepresentations of Mr. *de Crousaz*, which he has done in so just and masterly a Manner, that Mr. *Pope*, fully convinced of his Learning and Judgment, has bequeathed to him the Property of all his Works on which he writes Comments.

THE Rest of Mr. *Pope*'s Ethic Epistles, I shall, for want of Room, omit taking any farther Notice of, than only saying, that next to the *Essay on Man*, they bid most fair for the Applause of the judging World.

WE are in some Measure obliged to *Curl* the Bookseller for the Author's Letters ; for had he not have procured a Number of them, which he printed without the Author's Consent, in all Probability these had never seen the Light ; through the Whole of them there runs a Vein of Humour, the Wit is keen, the Diction good, the Descriptions

tions lively ; who can help laughing at his Description of a Brother Poet's Ignorance of a Shoulder of Mutton ; 'tis in one of his Letters to the Ladies, after telling her his Dream, how he pass'd the Day, and that he dined with an old Beauty who appeared at the Table like a Death's-Head enamell'd, that she had so violent an Appetite for a Salmon, that she eat all the Patches off her Face, that she divided the Fish into three Parts, not equal, God knows, for she help'd *Gay* to the Head, him to the Middle, and, making the Rest much the largest Part, took it herself, and cry'd very naively, I'll be content with my own Tail. He proceeds thus :

“ My Supper was as singular as my Dinner.
“ It was with a great Poet and Ode-Maker, (that
“ is a great Poet out of his Wits, or out of his
“ Way.) He came to me very hungry, not for
“ want of a Dinner, (for that I should make no
“ Jest of) but having forgot to dine. He fell
“ most furiously on the broil'd Relicks of a Shoul-
“ der of Mutton, commonly call'd a Blade-Bone :
“ He profess'd he never tafted so exquisite a thing !
“ begg'd me to tell him what Joint it was ? won-
“ der'd he never heard the Name of this Joint,
“ or seen it at other Tables ? and desired to know
“ how he might direct his Butcher to cut out the
“ same for the future ? and yet this Man, so ig-
“ norant in modern Butchery, has cut up half a
“ hundred Heroes, and quarter'd five or six miser-
“ able

“ able Lovers in every Tragedy he has written.”

HUMOUROUS enough is his Account, in one of his Letters to a noble Lord, of a Consultation held in his Neighbourhood about designing a princely Garden. “ Several Criticks (says he) were of several Opinions : One declared he would not have too-much Art in it ; for my Notion (said he) of Gardening is, that it is only sweeping Nature : Another told them that Gravel-Walks were not of a good Tast, for all the finest abroad were of loose Sand : A Third advised peremptorily there should not be one Lime-Tree in the whole Plantation : A Fourth made the same exclusive Clause extend to Horse-Chestnuts, which he affirmed not to be Trees, but Weeds : *Dutch* Elms were condemned by a Fifth ; and thus about half the Trees were proscribed, contrary to the Paradise of God’s own planting, which is exprely said to be planted with *all* Trees. There were some who could not bear Ever-greens, and called them Never-greens ; some, who were angry at them only when cut into Shapes, and gave the modern Gardiners the Name of Ever-green Taylors ; some, who had no Dislike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Forest-Trees ; and some who were in a Passion against any thing in Shade, even against clip’d Hedges, which they called green Walls.

ON

ON the contrary, moving enough is another of his Letters, which runs in this Strain : “ —My poor Mother is dead. I thank God, her Death was as easy, as her Life was innocent ; and as it cost her not a Groan, or even a Sigh, there is yet upon her Countenance such an Expression of Tranquility, nay, almost of Pleasure, that far from horrid, it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest Image of a Saint expir’d, that ever Painting drew ; and it would be the greatest Obligation, which even that obliging Art could ever bestow upon a Friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent Obstacle, you will leave any common Busines to do this : And I hope to see you this Evening, as late as you will, or To-morrow Morning as early, before this Winter Flower is faded. I will defer her Interment till To-morrow Night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this — I could not (at this Time) have written at all — Adieu ! may you die as happily !”

As moving are his Complaints in another of his Letters, in which he seems to be tir’d as it were of dragging a Load of Life after the Enjoyments thereof are gone, *i. e.* his Mother and his Friends. Which shall be the last I will quote.

“ You cannot think, says he, how melancholy this Place makes me: Every Part of this Wood puts into my Mind poor Mr. Gay with whom I past once a great deal of pleasant Time in it, and another Friend who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no Enjoyment in the Place; the same Sort of Uneasiness as I find at *Twitnam* whenever I pass by my Mother’s Room. I have not yet writ to Mrs. G. I think I should, but have nothing to say that will answer the Character they consider me in, as a Wit; besides my Eyes grow very bad, (whatever is the Cause of it) I’ll put them out for nobody but a Friend; and I protest it brings Tears in to them almost to write to you, when I think of your State and mine. I long to write to *Swift*, but cannot. The greatest Pain I know is to say Things very short of one’s Meaning, when the Heart is full. I feel the Goings-out of Life fast enough, to have little Appetite left to make Compliments, at best but useleſs, and for the most Part unfelt, Speeches. ’Tis but in a very narrow Circle that Friendship walks in this World, and I care not to tread out of it more than I needs must; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite so many) that any Man’s Welfare, or Memory, can be of Consequence: The rest I believe I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even “ if

“ if not beforehand with me. Life, after the first
“ warm Heats are over, is all Down-hill: And
“ one almost wishes the Journey’s End, provided
“ we were sure but to lie down easy, whenever
“ the Night shall overtake us.”

I shall not take upon myself to say much of our Author’s Concern with the FAIR PART of the Creation; any more than that no Man had ever a more sincere Regard, or a more tender Affection, for a Lady, than he had for Miss * * *, as appears from several of his Works address’d to her.

HE was excessive fond of his Parents, particularly of his Mother; he frequently, in his Writings, speaks of ‘em with the utmost filial Duty and Tenderness, in a Letter of his to Bishop *Atterbury*, he says, “ I am truly obliged by your kind Condolance on my Father’s Death, and the Desire “ you express, that I should improve this Incident “ to my Advantage. I know your Lordship’s “ Friendship to me is so extensive, that you include, in that Wish, both my spiritual and temporal Advantage; and it is what I owe to that “ Friendship, to open my Mind unreservedly to “ you on this Head, it is true, I have lost a Parent for whom no Gain I could make would be “ an equivalent. But that was not my only Tye: “ I thank God another still remains (and long “ may it remain) of the same tender Nature:

“ *Genitrix est mihi*—and, excuse me, if I say
“ with *Euryalus*,

—*nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*

“ a rigid Divine may call it a carnal Tye, but
“ sure it is a virtuous one; at least I am more
“ certain, that it is a Duty to preserve a good
“ Parent’s Life and Happiness, than I am of any
“ speculative Point whatever,

—*Ignarum bujus quodcunque pericli*
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

“ For she, my Lord, would think this Separation
“ more grievous than any other; and I, for my
“ Part, know as little as poor *Euryalus* did of the
“ Success of such an Adventure, (for an Adven-
“ ture it is, and no small one, in spite of the most
“ positive Divinity) whether the Change would be
“ to my spiritual Advantage, God only knows.”

IN his Epistle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, he pathetically
prays for his Mother’s Life, as follows :

O Friend! may each domestic Bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender Office long engage
To rock the Cradle of reposing Age,

With

With lenient Arts extend a Mother's Breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the Bed of Death,
Explore the Thought, explain the asking Eye,
And keep awhile one Parent from the Sky !

IN a Letter of his he says, “ I feel my being
“ forc'd to this *Bath*-Journey as a Misfortune ;
“ and to follow my own welfare preferably to
“ those I love, is indeed a new Thing to me : my
“ Health has not usually got the better of my Ten-
“ dernesses and Affections. I set out with a hea-
“ vy Heart, wishing I had done this Thing the
“ last Season ; for every Day I defer it, the more
“ I am in danger of that Accident which I dread
“ the most, my Mother's Death (especially should
“ it happen while I am away) ”.

IN a Letter to *Edward Blount*, Esq; he expresses
himself thus : “ The Question you proposed to
“ me is what, at present, I am the most unfit
“ Man in the World to answer, by my Loss of
“ one of the best of Fathers. He had lived in
“ such a Course of Temperance as was enough
“ to make the longest Life agreeable to him, and
“ in such a Course of Piety as suffic'd to make
“ the most sudden Death so also. Sudden indeed
“ it was, however, I heartily beg of God to give
“ me such a-one, provided I can lead such a
“ Life. I leave him to the Mercy of God, and
“ to

“ to the Piety of a Religion that extends beyond
“ the Grave : *Si qua est ea cura, &c.*

To remove a Doubt remaining with some, of what Perswasion Mr. *Pope* was of, he tells ye himself, that he was brought up and educated a Papist, and in one of his Letters to Dr. *Atterbury*, the late Bishop of *Rochester*, he gives a particular Account of his own Faith, as follows: “ This I know, that I mean as well in the Religion I now profess, as I can possibly do in another. Can a Man who thinks so, justify a Change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the Part of *Joyning* with any Body of Christians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so, to *Renounce* the other. Your Lordship has formerly advis'd me to read the best Controversies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a Secret? I did so at Fourteen Years old, (for I lov'd reading, and my Father had no other Books) there was a Collection of all that had been written on both Sides in the Reign of King *James* the Second: I warm'd my Head with them, and the Consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and Protestant by Turus, according to the last Book I read. I am afraid most Seekers are in the same Case, and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little Glory you would gain by my Conversion. And after all, I verily believe

“ your

“ your Lordship and I are both of the same Religion if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every Day ; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in Peace with their Neighbour.—I'll tell you my politick and religious Sentiments in a few Words. In my Politicks, I think no farther than how to preserve the Peace of my Life, in any Government under which I live ; nor in my Religion, than to preserve the Peace of my Conscience, in any Church with which I communicate. I hope all Churches and all Governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understand, and rightly administred : And where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them ; which whenever he does, it must be by greater Instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal Invasions of the Papal Power, and detest their arrogated Authority over Princes, and States. I am a Catholick, in the strictest Sense of the Word. If I was born under an absolute Prince, I would be a quiet Subject ; but I thank God I was not. I have a due Sense of the Excellence of the *British* Constitution. In a Word, the Things I have always wish'd to see are not a *Roman* Catholick, or a *French* Catholick, or a *Spanish* Catholick, but a true Catholick ; and “ not

“ not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories,
 “ but a King of *England*. Which God of his
 “ Mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and
 “ all future Majesties !”

IN one of his Letters to Mr. *Congreve* he says :
 “ I am in the fairest Way in the World of not
 “ being worth a Groat, being born a *Papist* and
 “ a *Poet*.”

HE never enjoyed his Health in any great Perfection, being ever of a weakly Constitution. But within these few Years, part Art in some Measure, has been assistant to Nature. I cannot help here introducing a Story, I was told the other Day, regarding the Behaviour of an ingenious Gentleman of the Faculty, in Mr. *Pope*'s last Illness, a Gentleman who is now pushing forward in the World, not in the beaten Road, like some of his Brethren, but according to the Dictates of his own Reason.

MR. *POPE*, being given over by his Physicians and hearing a great Character of the above Gentleman, sends for him ; he comes and finds Mr. *Pope* so bad as not to be able to get out of his Bed, after enquiring very nicely into the Particulars of his Case, he seems to hit the Cause, and prescribes, contrary to the Advice of his Brethren, a Purge which Mr. *Pope* takes, and, by Means thereof, is able to walk crofs the Room ; on his

next

next Visit he prescribes another Purge, somewhat more strong than the former, by the help of which he is able to go abroad, and does accordingly go from *Twickenham* to *Chelsea*; and on another Visit prescribes a Third more strong still, which Mr. *Pope's* Physicians absolutely forbid him to take, affirming, that so sure as he took it so sure he was a dead Man; on the other Side, the Gentleman, who had already done him so much good, as strenuously insists, that without he does take it he cannot pretend to perfect his Cure; the Dispute ran so high, that it was at length left to the Determination of some eminent Men of the Faculty; how they decided it, I cannot take upon me to say.

MR. *POPE's* Illness still increasing, and being told his Physicians could do no more for him; he desired to be removed to *Twickenham*, which was accordingly done, and he there died on *Wednesday* the 30th Day of *May* 1744, and was buried in the Parish of *Twickenham*, in the County of *Middlesex*, near the Remains of his Father and Mother.

OUR News-Papers had killed him several times before he died; in one of them was the following Account and Character of him, which, it is said, he read himself:

“ *YESTERDAY* died, after a tedious Indisposition, at his House at *Twickenham*, that celebrated Poet, *Alexander Pope*, *Esq*; who was

H

“ born

“ born the 8th of June, 1688. He wrote his
“ *Pastorals* at sixteen Years of Age, which, being
“ some of the most *polish'd* Pieces in our Language,
“ brought him instantly into *high Reputation* with
“ all the *fine Judges*. His Reputation had been
“ *forty Years* increasing, and was at last improv'd
“ into a *Character* to which none but a *Genius like*
“ *his own* can do *Justice*.

THERE have been several Elegies, Verses, &c.
on his Death, published and handed about in different Shapes, from all which, I shall, as a Specimen
only select Three.

The First from the Champion.

On the Death of Mr. POPE.

NO friendly Strains to grace the *Poet's Hearse*,
No just Returns of *tributary Verse*,
Shall **POPE**, who all the *Good* and *Great* could save
From *dark Oblivion*, in the silent *Grave*
Unwept descend, and want a *friendly Song*
To tell his *Worth*, and our just *Grief* prolong?
It must be *so*, loud echoing *Fame* reply'd,
With **POPE** the *Power* of *Song*, and *Force* of *Mu-*
sic died.

The

The Second from the Daily-Post.

An ELEGY on the Death of Mr. POPE.

Accept, great Shade, the Tribute of a Lay,
That hails Thee onward to eternal Day ;
At thy Approach, the sacred Roofs resound,
Repeated *Euge's* echo all around ;
Eager about Thee crowd th' Angelic Band,
And seem forgetful of Divine Command :
At thy Approach, in Admiration lost,
Heav'n's Will suspended, truant half his Host ;
That Bard be ours, enraptur'd Seraphs cried,
Of Vice and Folly who repell'd the Tide ;
His shining Ethics must each Heart engage,
Whose Life's a fairer Transcript of his Page ;
That Bard be ours, on whose mellifluous Tongue,
Pale Envy burst, the Rival of our Song ;
Receive, great Chief, this Palm reserv'd for Thee,
First Earth-born added to our Hierarchy :
Say, did you envy his immortal Fire ?
'Till now imperfect was the ethereal Choir ?

Blest Poet hail ! to nobler Task confign'd,
 At once to glad all Heaven, and mend Mankind :
 O *St John* publish ! that belongs to Thee,
 His latent Strains, thy Claim, Posterity !
 His mortal Part, O *Westminster* ! thy *Trust* !
 Lay his near *Gay's*, and blend their kindred Dust ;
 So strong their Union, who, it may be said,
 Ne'er parted living, nor were parted dead.

Ye jarring Cities cease your envious Strife,
 For now 'tis bootless, which gave *Homer* Life.
 Exalt thy Cliffs, O *Albion* ! *Pope* was thine,
 The Pride of Ages, and the Boast of Time.

B. F.

The Third from the Daily Advertiser.

VERSES occasioned by the Death of
 ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

WHEN some high MONARCH mingles with
 the Dust,
 His grateful People rear the polish'd Bust ;

The

The conscious Marble but records a Name,
To sound the Ruler's and the Hero's Fame;
His private Virtues seldom are reveal'd,
His Faults in dark Oblivion lie conceal'd:
Thus Justice, tamely, yields her Right away,
And partial Custom bears a blameful Sway.

In this, how blest would be the POET's Lot !
His keen Reflections and Mistakes forgot !
But, ah ! th' inimitable Lines remain,
An endless Monument ! a lasting Stain !
Could these be rescu'd from the Age to come,
The sorrowing Muse would thus inscribe the Tomb;
‘ *Pope* dies ! *Britannia* groans beneath her Wound,
‘ And *Europe* echoes to the mournful Sound !
‘ The Sons of Learning shudder at the Stroke !
‘ And universal Goodness feels a Shock !’

А. 397 АРИАДНА

A

TRUE COPY

OF THE

LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

A
TRUE COPY

OF THE

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

ALEXANDER ELLIOTT



A

TRUE COPY, &c.

IN THE NAME OF GOD,
AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of
Twickenham, in the County of Mid-
dlesex, make this my last Will and Testa-
ment. I resign my Soul to it's Creator in
all humble Hope of it's future Happiness,
as in the Disposal of a Being infinitely
Good. As to my Body, my Will is, That
it be buried near the Monument of my
dear Parents at Twickenham, with the
Addition, after the Words filius fecit—
of these only, Et sibi: Qui obiit Anno
17. Ætatis ---- and that it be carried to
the Grave by six of the poorest Men of the
Parish, to each of whom I order a Suit
of Grey course Cloth, as Mourning. If
I happen to die at any inconvenient Di-
I
stance,

58 *Last Will and Testament of*

stance, let the same be done in any other Parish, and the Inscription be added on the Monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular Friends, Allen Lord Bathurst; Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the Honourable William Murray, his Majesty's Solicitor General; and George Arbuthnott, of the Court of Exchequer, Esq; the Survivors or Survivor of them, Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

But all the Manuscript and unprinted Papers which I shall leave at my Decease, I desire may be delivered to my Noble Friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole Care and Judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or in case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. These, who in the Course of my Life have done me all other good Offices, will not refuse me this last after my Death: I leave them therefore this Trouble, as a Mark of my Trust and Friendship; only desiring them each

each to accept of some small Memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his Library all the Volumes of my Works and Translations of Homer, bound in red Morocco, and the Eleven Volumes of those of Erasmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large Paper Edition of Thuanus, by Buckley; or that Portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson; which he shall prefer: That my Lord Bathurst will find a Place for the three Statues of the Hercules of Furnese, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in Chiaro oscuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the Marble Head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi; and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and be to me on his Death-Bed, together with one of the Pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the Busts of Spencer, Shakespear, Milton,

60 *Last Will and Testament of*

ton, and Dryden, in Marble, which his Royal Master the Prince, was pleased to give me. I give and devise my Library of printed Books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, *Efq*; and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the Survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bollingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen Threescore out of the Number) I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the Property of all such of my Works already printed, as he bath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the Profits which shall arise after my Death from such Editions as he shall publish without future Alterations.

Item, *In case* Ralph Allen, *Efq*; *above-said*, *shall* *survive* *me*, I order my Executors to pay him the Sum of One hundred and fifty Pounds; being to the best of my Calculation, the Account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and

and partly for Charitable Uses. If he refuse to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a Way I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the Benefit of the Bath-Hospital.

I give and devise to my Sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds; and to her Sons, Henry and Robert Racket, One hundred Pounds each. I also release, and give to her all my Right and Interest in and upon a Bond of Five hundred Pounds due to me from her Son Michael. I also give her the Family Pictures of my Father, Mother and Aunts, and the Diamond Ring my Mother wore, and her Golden Watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rollinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs. and to Mrs Anne Arbuthnot, to each the Sum of Five Pounds, to be laid out in a Ring, or any Memorial of me; and to my Servant John Searle, who has faithfully and ably served me many Years, I give, and devise the Sum of One hundred Pounds

Pounds over and above a Year's Wages to himself, and his Wife; and to the Poor of the Parish of Twickenham, Twenty Pounds to be divided among them by the said John Searl; and it is my Will, if the said John Searl, die before me, that the same Sum of One hundred Pounds go to his Wife or Children.

Item, I give, and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger Daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-Street, Cavendish-Square, the Sum of One thousand Pounds immediately on my Decease; and all the Furniture of my Grotto, Urns in my Garden, Household Goods, Chattels, Plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my Will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere Regard, and long Friendship for her: And it is my Will, that my abovesaid Executors, the Survivors or Survivor of them, shall take an Account of all my Estates Money, or Bonds, &c. and after paying my Debts

Debts and Legacies, shall place out all my Residue upon Government, or other Securities, according to their best Judgments, and pay the Produce thereof, half-yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, during her natural Life: And after her Decease, I give the Sum of One thousand Pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her Sons Robert, Henry and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the Survivors or Survivor of them; and after the Decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the Sum of Two hundred Pounds to the aforesaid Gilbert West; two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; two hundred to his Sister, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and One hundred to my Servant, John Searle, to which so ever of these shall be then living: And all the Residue and Remainder to be considered as undisposed of, and go to my next of Kin. This is my last Will and Testament, written with my own Hand, and sealed with my Seal, this Twelfth Day of December, in the Year of our Lord, One

64 Last Will and Testament, &c.

One thousand, seven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE

Signed, Sealed and Declared by the Testator as his last Will and Testament, in Presence of us,

Radnor,

Stephen Hales, Minister of Teddington,
Joseph Spence, Professor of History, in the University of Oxford.



N. B. The above Will was proved at London, before the Worshipful George Lee, Doctor of Laws and Surrogate, on the 14th Day of June 1744, by the Oaths of the Right Hon. Allen Lord Bathurst, the Right Hon. Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the Hon. William Murray, Esq; his Majesty's Sollicitor General, and George Arbuthnot, Esq; the Executors to whom Administration was granted, being first sworn duly to administer.

F I N I S.

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